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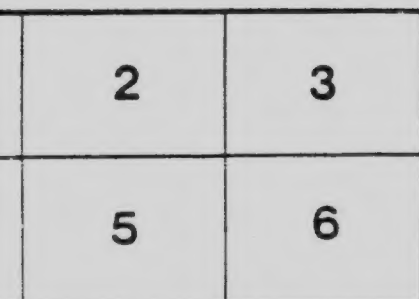
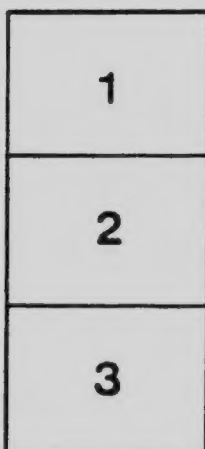
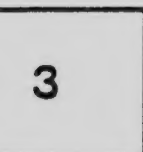
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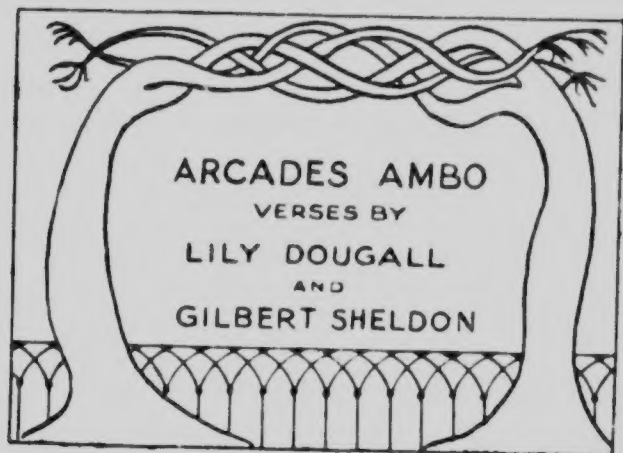
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*GIFT OF*

*Miss Kate Drummond*

To Katie Drummond  
With love  
from Lily & our all  
Cutler Road  
Xmas  
1919



ARCADES AMBO

New York  
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.  
FOURTH AVENUE AND 30TH STREET

# ARCADES AMBO

## VERSES

BY

LILY DOUGALL

*Author of "Beggars All," etc. : "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," etc.*

AND

GILBERT SHELDON

*Author of "Bubble Fortune"*



OXFORD

B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

1919

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THE following are the verses of two writers whose work has lain in very different fields. Written in occasional hours over a long period, they reflect so many situations and moods that the reader may be entertained at least by their variety.

CUTT'S END, CUMNOR,  
*July, 1919.*

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## AT THE FOOT OF THE PASS

**T**HE rugged road has dwindled to a thread,  
A twisted, broken pathway, close beset  
With beetling crag and brawling rivulet;

And here I stay, and list my comrades' tread  
Come faintly echoed back from overhead,  
As they press onward, high and higher yet,  
Eager to scale the mountain parapet,  
And see the Kingdoms of the Earth outspread.

They will return and come to me again,  
And pity me that I was long alone  
And missed the glories that their eyes have  
scanned.  
And I shall smile, because the peaks remain  
Enchanted ramparts of a world unknown,  
Whence I may gaze at will on Fairyland.

## A NATAL HYMN

FOR LITTLE JANET

**G**OD who made the white things—drifts  
with curling edges,  
Brooklet's fairy ice-glades, snowcloud  
like the breast  
Of white swan descending, gales in winter  
sedges;  
God who guides the sunbeams to the snow-bird's  
nest—  
Shine on the baby.

God who made the green things that grow in the  
summer,  
God who made the gaudy things that wave on the  
stalk,  
God who made the light winds that play with  
every comer,  
God who made the bright waves and tuned their  
tender talk—  
Welcome the baby.

A NATAL HYMN ●

God who, ere the earth was, thought of all becoming—

Order of the green fields, tumult of the shore,  
Rousing of the storm's cry, calm of insect humming,

And our lives successive that through age pour—  
Bless Thou the baby.

Lo, it is a new thing in the large creation,  
Differing from all men ; no leaf is like its mates.  
God who fashions each soul, each in every nation,  
Stranger to his fellows, lonely to the fates—  
Befriend the baby.

God who set the earth's mill to fashion souls for loving,  
Wistful God, desiring friendship of Thy kind,  
Look upon this last thing in Thine image moving ;  
God of voice and language, God of form and mind—  
Speak to the baby.

TO CHRISTOPHER, MY GODSON

I

A NEW DAY

**L**ITTLE one, my little one,  
Look and laugh, the day is new !  
Joyfully the round-faced sun  
Smiles at me and you.

See, he shines above the brim  
Of the clouds that gave us rain.  
Kiss your little hand to him,  
Through the nursery pane.

II

A NEW EARTH

Something comes across the grass—  
Comes to meet you.  
'Tis the spring that comes to pass,  
Making earth new.

TO CHRISTOPHER, MY GODSON ●

Winter winds are scampering  
Fast to northward ;  
Gloomy clouds are on the wing,  
As their rear-guard ;

Mornings dark have joined the chase,  
With evenings cold ;  
Seeking all their proper place—  
Winter's household.

Hither merry spring has crept—  
Lovely playmate—  
Making pleasures while you slept,  
At a great rate.

Willow-ball and cowslip-bell,  
Warm, green carpets,  
Hyacinth, and sweetest smell  
Of violets.

Spring has been to sweep the sky  
Till it's all blue.  
When the gentle air goes by  
She kisses you.

TO CHRISTOPHER, MY GODSON ●

All her birds make joyful noise  
In the tree-tops,  
Where the shining leaflets poise  
Like green dewdrops.

Little one ! go, dance and play  
In hardihood ;  
For the earth is new to-day,  
And very good.

III

A NEW WORLD

Child, the old world clamour and lies  
Have brought us ruth,  
An angel comes while the old world dies ;  
Over the angry clouds of war  
Distant he shines like a silver star :  
His name is Truth.

See ! he is lifting rosy wings  
Out of the night ;  
Singing us songs of future things—  
Singing that forces of earth and air  
Shall be our drudges, if men will share  
All hearts' delight.

TO CHRISTOPHER, MY GODSON

Woven of light, like the dear soft sky,

His robe is blue—

See ! he comes as the shadows fly.

Under his quiet, twinkling eyes

Learning to laugh, we shall all grow wise,

Pleasant and true.

With sheltering wings he is coming down.

Like golden fleece

His hair floats back from his golden crown—

Over wings and garments his hair floats back ;

A rainbow he leaves in his skyey track

Of God's own peace.

## A HYMN FOR LABOUR

**W**E were the weak and they the strong,  
Though we were many and they  
were few.

Long was the time and over long.

They broke our bodies in mines and mills ;

They broke our hearts and they broke our  
wills ;

They stopped our mouths when we cursed our  
ills ;

They cut us down at Peterloo. ,

We were the weak and they the strong,

Though we were many and they were few.

They loosed our tongues, but the ancient wrong

Had seared our heart and dulled our brain.

We were deaf to the cry of our brother's pain,

For one man's loss was another's gain ;

And we fought like dogs for the scraps they threw.

A HYMN FOR LABOUR ●

We were the weak and they the strong,  
Though we were many and they were few ;  
But we woke at last who had slumbered long,  
And our souls were set on the common good ;  
Shoulder to shoulder, as comrades should,  
In the holy name of brotherhood  
We fought and we lost and we fought anew.

They are the weak and we are the strong ;  
For we are many and they are few.  
Wrong we have borne, but would work no wrong.  
The weal of all be our light and guide ;  
And God forbid that we swerve aside  
To glut our wrath or to sate our pride,  
And mar the work we have willed to do !

## AIRCRAFT

**T**HERE is a highway older than the earth,  
More smooth and spacious than earth's  
highways are.

No man hath made it and no man can mar,  
It overleaps the mountain, spans the firth :  
Yet generations died and came to birth,  
And none the viewless portals could unbar  
Of that unpaven road orbicular,  
That compasses about the great world's girth.

Lo ! now these bolts are drawn ; but who can say  
When, to full stature grown, the human mind  
Shall leave the narrow, toilsome paths untrod,  
Down which it stumbles blindly, and essay  
The boundless world of spirit unconfined,  
Wherein the souls of heroes walk with God ?

## A NOVEMBER DAY

**A**UTUMN dawn in Merioneth  
And a narrow world and grey,  
Swarthy marshes silver-threaded,  
Sea and sky that mists have wedded,  
Phantom mountains cloud-embedded,  
On the coast of Merioneth  
At the dawn of day.

Autumn noon in Merioneth  
And the clear, bright warmth of June,  
Blue of sky the sea up-glasses,  
Sunlit sheen of dew-drenched grasses,  
Oaken gold in mountain-passes,  
Purple peaks of Merioneth,  
At the hour of noon.

Autumn dusk in Merioneth ;  
Yet a flame of rosy-red  
Through the upper sky is streaming ;  
Sea and plain are sunk in dreaming,  
But the mountain-tops are gleaming,  
Keeping watch o'er Merioneth  
When the day is dead.

## PORTRAIT OF A LADY

I KNOW a lady, very righteous lady :  
This she said to me,  
" Twice I fell a-loving, twice or three times,  
maybe :  
I had lovers three."

" Your soul, lady, is like crystal, losing  
Nothing of the sun—  
Tell me how three true loves could be of your  
choosing :  
Duty points to one."

Noble is her beauty, smooth her hair's dark masses,  
Smooth as saint's, I vow ;  
And the highest angel might, whene'er he passes,  
Kiss her lips and brow.

In her grave eyes lurking lie two sparks of joyance,  
As in pools lie stars ;  
Now her laughing accents broke with inward  
buoyance,  
As bird breaks from bars.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY ●

" Two men loved me with passion unrequited ;  
Two I wept unheard,  
Each in secret sorrow ; then my word I plighted,  
Mating with a third."

" That was five, my lady—five to one safe wooing."  
" Five or more," she said ;  
" And the love that mated was its own undoing,  
Heart and mind unwed."

" Your heart, lady, is like snow-wreathed garden,  
Shining to the dawn ;  
Rosy is your laughter ; tell me, can you pardon  
Love so oft withdrawn ?

" Your mind, lady, is like Stoic pacing  
Up and down his school.  
Think you, in remembrance all the past retracing,  
That you played the fool ? "

" Little wit in carping at life's page amazing ! "  
Said she, and her eyes  
Looked as when a nun's eyes, on the altar gazing,  
Sightless, reflect the foolish tapers' blazing,  
Yet see Paradise.

## IN THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE

**B**LACK go the roads through the grime  
of the Midlands,  
Chimneys their landmarks, coalpits their  
goal ;

Blasted and ravaged beneath the dark heavens,  
Slag-heap by slag-heap the landscapes unroll.

Oh for the roads that I travelled aforetime,—  
Far-striding highway or lingering lane !  
Still my soul seeks them, still my heart finds them,  
Still in the spirit I see them again :

White roads that wind through the downlands of  
Wessex,  
Helled with the castles and mounds of the  
dead,  
Ramparts of earth that the Stone Men have  
builded,  
Sheepwalks that rang to the legionaries' tread :

IN THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE ●

Grey roads that climb through the heart of the  
Cotswold,

Straining for sight of the Severn and Wales,  
Where the tall beeches rest warm in the hollows,  
And the wan upland lies bare to the gales :

Red roads that run through the valleys of Devon,  
Shy as the wood-nymphs and wayward as they,  
Flitting half seen through the leafy green coverts,  
beckoning the stranger to lure him astray :

Blue roads that stretch to the Islands of Summer,  
Cleaving a path through the streams of the sea—  
Blue roads and red roads, grey roads and white  
roads ;  
Never before half so precious to me !

Black go the roads through the grime of the Mid-  
lands,  
Chimneys their landmarks, coalpits their goal ;  
Blasted and ravaged beneath the dark heavens,  
Slag-heap by slag-heap the landscapes unroll.

## THE SONG OF THE BEE

**T**HERE's an elf of God on the bumble-bee—  
Soft and away with the wind of spring!  
He sits, an atom of destiny,  
Arranging the pollen grains that cling

To its fuzzy legs ; and he rides it true—  
Soft and away with the wind of spring !—  
Into the blossoms rosy or blue  
That await its satisfied murmuring.

He chooses wherever the bee shall sip—  
Soft and away with the wind of spring !—  
He chooses what pollen dust to slip  
Into the heart of each sensate thing.

He is painting the future with pollen grains—  
Soft and away with the wind of spring !  
He is very wise though he has no brains—  
That elf of God on the bumble's wing.

## THE SONG OF THE LITTLE HILLS

U P and up go the little hills,  
Loitering hussies in smocks of green,  
Drowsily idling on careless feet,  
Step by step with a pause between.

Mantles gay for the little hills—  
Coppice and thicket and orchard-close ;  
Their colours change as the seasons change ;  
Their folds are stirred when the storm-wind  
blows.

Jaunty caps for the little hills—  
Small round coverts of beech and fir :  
You would hardly know, if the caps were doffed,  
That a hill was here and a hill was there.

Scanty heed pay the little hills  
To the powers that rule in the chilly sky ;  
They hold no talk with the moon and stars ;  
The clouds drift over and pass them by.

## A MINISTERING SPIRIT

I WANDERED far into the spring, and met  
A shining one.  
" Art come, the soul of rose or violet,  
That earth with flame-like fragrance may be set  
Where thou dost run ? "  
Her tripping feet with morning dew were wet.

" Or art thou that sweet spirit of the trees  
That rises red  
To flush their tips, till, to the warmer breeze  
Leaflets are spread ? "  
Young leaves, like woodland sunbeams, crowned  
her head.

" Pilot of floating cloud, hast left the blue,  
'Lighting to play ?  
Or wind-wraith, that with wings of sunrise flew  
From gates of day ? "  
She passed in sun and shade, now grave, now gay.

A MINISTERING SPIRIT ●

" Or this glad song the birds are piping forth  
Didst thou indite ?—  
Thy very motion is of music's worth,  
Child of delight ! "  
Her voice brought memories of tears and mirth.

" I come from God, to give in weary eyes  
New light on everything ;  
I am the Joy of Spring.  
I teach the heart of man to leap, and bring  
Him fancies fair and holy prophecies."

## THE WEST INDIES

**E**VEN as a youth may make his heart a  
shrine  
For some fair woman of an alien  
race,

And fall to worship her exotic grace,  
And vow, All else were naught so she were mine ;  
Yet, having won her, find his love decline,  
Till the alluring strangeness of her face  
Have lost its savour, and he come to trace  
In forms familiar aspects more divine :

So with these tropic isles, for which we shed  
Our blood like water centuries ago ;  
Their charm is broken, and we turn instead  
To lands not all unlike the lands we know,  
Where the vast, empty prairies lie outspread,  
And scarlet maples flower above the snow.

## IN JAMAICA

### MONTE DIABLO

#### I

**T**HE bastioned mountains stand impregnable.

Not dreadful, with huge fangs bared  
to the skies

And frowning cliffs and naked screes, they rise ;  
But smiling, subtle, stubborn, guarding well  
The hoarded secret that they will not tell,  
Since none may know if any passage lies  
Across their baffling, sly complexities,  
Involved and doubtful as an oracle.

The little mounded heights, piled up like sheaves,  
Countless as lichens on an ancient wall,

The small round hollows thick as points of  
dew,

The dense green mantle that the forest weaves,  
Are plotters leagued together each and all  
To make a labyrinth without a clue.

IN JAMAICA: MONTE DIABLO ●

II

It is the hour of dawn. A sea of mist  
Has drowned the world ; only the high peaks  
shun

The surging waves that up the valleys run,  
And flow and ebb, and falter and persist ;  
The mountains seem a long low coast-line, kissed  
With light, sole witness of the day begun,  
Till suddenly upsprings the splendid sun,  
And the grey sea turns gold and amethyst.

And lo ! the hidden clue is found at last,  
A path that cleaves the mountains lies revealed ;  
For see ! a shining river come from far,  
A sun-bright stream of mist that threads the vast,  
Vague labyrinth, compelling it to yield  
The secret of its spell oracular.

## A CONVENT GARDEN

*(A novice working in the flower-beds.  
Two nuns sitting on a bench hidden in  
laurels.)*

NOVICE (*sings*) :

**G**ATHER my spirit, as dandelions  
Are spoiled for a baby's sport in spring,  
That in belt more brilliant than Orion's  
He may strut for an hour while blackbirds  
sing.

FIRST NUN :

It is irregular for her to sing.  
You are in charge.

SECOND NUN :

She sings as our great bell  
Sings on after the stroke and cannot cease  
Till time brings silence. She is new to us.

A CONVENT GARDEN ●

NOVICE (*sings*) :

Gather my spirit, as sweet vervena  
Is taken to crush on the hand and lip  
Of the exquisite ; cast then to perish unseen. Ah,  
Scented his breath and his finger-tip !

FIRST NUN :

You are in charge, set up above us all.  
Send her to bread and water in her cell.  
Her mind is full of fancies, not of work.

SECOND NUN :

But fancies are like birds, they may fly up  
And give God joy, if they are fair and fresh.  
He made the lark, as well as horse for plough.

NOVICE (*sings*) :

Use me like thyme that the matrons gather  
To hide away in the stomacher's ply,  
Or like a stripped poppy preserve—wouldst thou  
rather ?—  
To steep the seed when the pod is dry.

What is my heart but a foolish flower,  
Bloom of a day, and I ask for no more ;  
Yet grant me to scent thee or deck thee an hour  
Or lull thee with balm from the broken core.

## A CONVENT GARDEN ●

### FIRST NUN :

She sings of love. I say, she sings of love !  
It is not decent. Will you stop her voice,  
And tell the Reverend Mother she must go ?  
We cannot keep her here.

### SECOND NUN :

But it is love that God would have us learn ;  
And any kind of love will help to teach  
Her heart the joy of loving Him the more.

### FIRST NUN :

That's easy talk. They talked to me like that  
When I was young. They lured me to the veil  
With talk like that. But I am old and wise,  
And I have kept the Rule and said my prayers  
And sung the service always, year by year.  
Duty and, short of duty, penances—  
That's God, His way with us. That's all, I say.  
When we are holy we may call it " love,"  
Say " Love of God," say " We are loving God "—  
It is not the same thing ! The less we love,  
The more we're fit for God. See how she stands !  
She has forgot the world and looks elate,  
As if she saw her castle in the air,  
Her lover in it.

## A CONVENT GARDEN

NOVICE (*sings*) :

Leave me, ah ! leave me not stately, like maiden  
Untaught in the rapture of gift and unwed,  
To bloom on, but take me prepared to be laden  
With use that consumes me till beauty is fled.

FIRST NUN :

She is wicked now.

SECOND NUN :

No, but she looks like holy saint at prayer.  
If you have never found the joy we seek,  
Are you so sure you've mastered how to seek ?  
For me, I bow before the saint that God  
May make of her among our broken rules.

NOVICE (*sings*) :

Thou who hast eyes of love, let Thy fire quiver  
Round me, for naked I faint in Thy flame ;  
Endue me with death, that to Thee, the Life-  
giver,  
My beauty and fragrance may pass without name.

Fear Thee ? I fear Thee not, Lover death-dealing  
To flesh of me, self of me. This I desire :  
To fade in the sunshine, and hope for my healing  
Only in this, that Thou, Thou art the fire.

## THE OLD ORDER CHANGING : 1914-18

**O**LD grey farms in a quiet land,  
Brown thatched roofs where the house-  
leeks grow,  
Panelled parlour and ingle-nook—  
Such were the farms that we used to know.

Vagabond lanes that have lost their way  
In random saunterings to and fro,  
Flowers in their hands and songs on their lips—  
Such were the lanes that we used to know.

Work-a-day fields that have time to play—  
Where the harvest ripens the poppies glow,  
There's a wilding rose in the midst of the corn—  
Such were the fields that we used to know.

Woods where trees bear a charmed life,  
No axe is lifted to lay them low,  
They have weathered the storms of a thousand  
years—  
Such were the woods that we used to know.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGING

Moors that are rich with the dyes of Tyre  
And brighter treasures than kings bestow,  
Purple of heather and gold of gorse—  
Such were the moors that we used to know.

Heath and forest and farm and field—  
We see them now in the after-glow  
Of a sunset laid like a crimson pall  
Over the land that we used to know.

Light may come and the shadows flee ;  
Fair fresh scenes may the dawning show ;  
Our eyes may look on a fertile land,  
But not the land that we used to know.

## ALISON OF BRADFORD

(NEW BORN)

WHAT a shock of burnished hair,  
Brown as chestnut fresh from husk !  
What big eyes that softly stare,  
Dark as pools are in the dusk !  
What a baby to appear  
Suddenly on earth with these,  
Lying wholly at your ease !  
I am much surprised, my dear.

What a hungry mouth and red,  
For a person so sedate,  
With a thoughtful pose of head !  
And you hold a mimic state,  
As if all you looked upon  
Were your own, and naught to pay.  
Did you bring your purse to-day,  
Hungry little Alison ?

ALISON OF BRADFORD ●

Oh ! a frown ! The world, it seems,  
Does not answer your demands :  
Angry wriggle ; breathless screams ;  
And your little perfect hands  
Beat the air. Pray, when did you  
Learn precisely how to fright  
Your minions, till, from left and right,  
They run your will to do ?

Now, serene, your nursery schooled,  
You look unconscious of the stir.  
Thus the great have always ruled  
The world by strength of character.  
Woman's age we enter on :  
Will you be Lord Chancellor,  
Foreign Secretary, or  
Premier—mistress Alison ?

Does your baby elegance  
Shadow future wig and gown ?  
Will you master high finance,  
Or be mayor of Bradford town ?  
Soft and pretty limbed you lie,  
Like a toy that God has made  
Just for joy—I am afraid  
We forget your dignity.

## DIES ORITUR

(IN MEMORY, S.G.D.)

**G**RANT beauty to our dead,  
And human care, and smiles ;  
Oh, may they, having passed the hour  
of dread,  
Be cheered by homelike wiles !

Temper the winds of truth  
By love in earth-born guise ;  
Grant that the fairest fancies of their youth  
Urge them to fresh emprise !

Lord of the quick, permit  
That friends and mirth be theirs,  
That in the joy of converse free, and wit  
They learn new tears and prayers.

Christ of the inward grace,  
Both near and far Thou art,  
Death is no portal of Thy hiding-place ;  
Oh may our dead fare forth at quicker pace,  
Thy sunrise in the heart.

## THE LEAFIELD WIRELESS STATION

**U**PRIGHT and slender as a sheaf of spears  
Against the sunset field of cloth-of-  
gold,

The strange newcomers overlook the wold,  
That changes not with the all-changing years.  
Empty and mute the great grey land appears ;  
Yet filled with knowledge as the seers of old,  
For whom the world was as a page unrolled,  
Are these impassive, sleepless listeners.

To their aspiring shafts the wandering airs  
Are heralds with unnumbered tales to tell,  
Even as those that in an age gone by  
Wafted the people's murmurs, and their prayers  
To that dread mountain unapproachable,  
When Moses spake with God on Sinai.

## MEMORIES

### I. IMAGINATION

WHEN I was small I thought that I  
Should early marry with a king.  
Perched in an apple-tree on high,  
I measured what the years would bring.  
I thought when I was ten years old  
A king might woo with crown of gold.

The king would have a curly head ;  
The king would be a smiling boy ;  
And I should wear a robe of red ;  
And all the world should see our joy ;  
And not a frown between us twain  
Would mar the brightness of our reign.

I swayed, one toe on bending bough,  
One arm around the gnarled stem ;  
The golden moment crowned my brow  
And kissed my garment's flapping hem.  
The petals of the apple wreath  
Dropped into tulip cups beneath.  
All vanished with the summer's breath.

MEMORIES : II. REALITY ●

II. REALITY

I was so small the thickness of a sod  
Beside our sandy road made me a seat.  
A locust-tree's light leaf and bronzing pod  
Made shadow-lace whereon I stretched my feet.  
And I remember how my feet were shod,  
And wondering what the difference was to God  
If they were dusty or were smart and neat.

And I remember making in the sand  
One little dimple with my finger-tip,  
And thinking deeply if the thing was planned ;  
Great God, I thought, could never let it slip  
Without a thought ; and heaven, great and grand,  
Must be moved somewhat when I moved my hand.  
How moved ?—I wondered, finger on my lip.

I thought and thought until I felt afraid  
Of the abyss of thought in which I fell.  
I made a prayer ; with all my might I prayed ;  
And what the answer was I may not tell ;  
I felt new freedom then, and ran and played,  
Went leaping, rabbit-like, in sun and shade :  
Yet never quite forgot that moment's spell.

## PANAMA

**H**OW many wooers hath she not cajoled,  
This cruel wanton, neither fair nor  
sweet !

There is no cunning lure or strong deceit  
She hath not known and practised from of old.  
Her victims, like her wiles, were manifold ;  
They poured their blood and treasure at her  
feet,  
Till dear-bought wisdom bade them shun the  
cheat,  
And they grew shy who once were overbold.

What of her now ? Is she then changed of mood,  
And hath her masterful young lover won  
A faithful helpmate, and a tractable ;  
Or doth she smile a secret smile, and brood  
Over the subtle toils her hands have spun  
Round one poor dupe the more ? Nay, who  
can tell ?

## HAPPY BERKSHIRE

### SONG OF THE SLEEPY RUSTICS

**H**OMELY grey villages, heavy with  
slumber,  
Are not your names like a sweet sleepy  
tune—

Bessels Leigh, Appleton, Fyfield and Cumnor—  
Drone of the bees on a midsummer noon ?

Skies wide and pure, that no smoke-clouds en-  
cumber ;

Green folds of upland afar and anear—  
Bessels Leigh, Appleton, Fyfield and Cumnor—  
Happy the sleepy-heads slumbering here !

### THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Have you forgotten young Bagpuize and Tubne,  
Stout little villages on the alert,  
Rising from nothing but sandhills and scrub—nay,  
Bright whitewashed faces o'er bye-lanes of dirt !

Sharp ears on the skyline pricked so as to grab news,  
Bright eyes that shine under eyebrows of thatch,  
Warm in the sunshine young Tubney and Bagpuize,  
Out like young beggars for what they can catch.

## THE CALL TO BATTLE

**I**F through the dust of conflict thou descry  
The shining of the standard of the Lord,  
Do thou arise and buckle on thy sword,  
And follow where it leads undoubtingly.  
Thou hast the Light : see that thou walk thereby.  
Exceeding great and sure is his reward,  
Whose purpose with his vision doth accord,  
And as his soul speaks so his acts reply.

And if it shall be told thee that the foe  
Beholds the banner that thou deemst thine own,  
March in his van to battle, be not wroth.  
The Truth is other than the truths we know ;  
His cause and thine are laid before the Throne,  
And God inclines to neither and to both.

## IN HOSPITAL

A CROSS the window, curtain-wise,  
Is hung a screen of fir-tree boughs,  
That hides the earth and hides the skies.

We see the pine-stems, rusty-red,  
But not the ground from which they spring,  
And not the tree-tops overhead ;

Whilst in and out and to and fro,  
Binding and clasping each to each,  
The sombre, spreading branches go ;

Yet here and there a chink lets pass  
A glint of blue, a flash of green,  
The blue of sky, the green of grass.

I half believe that here, enwalled  
In this thick, leafy barricade,  
Shine amethyst and emerald.

And titmice in their gold attire,  
That dive and soar from twig to twig,  
Flicker like sudden sparks of fire.

## IN HOSPITAL ●

A dark, dense screen, with peepholes rare  
Which hint at fairer scenes beyond,  
Gleams that quicken the torpid air :

Such is the world that we descry. . . .

I wonder if the folk outside  
Find it the same as you and I !

## HELEN IN THE TWILIGHT

I JILTED you ;  
I have not said your name for years ;  
Yet if you knew  
How clear your image still appears  
When memory shifts her sudden scene  
By some chance scent or sound or sheen  
Of light upon these dewy, sunset moors,  
How then your eyes look into mine  
From out the silence where your love is pent,  
And mine with tears quail under yours  
Or gaze ecstatic as at saint in shrine,  
Ah ! if you knew,  
I think that you  
Would be content.

The earth that here  
Lies in long waves of flowering wold,

HELEN IN THE TWILIGHT ♣

Bare to the sphere  
Of concave heaven that would enfold  
Our all of sense with infinite caress,  
Dips now into the tenderness  
Of starlit shades descending fold by fold.  
Here, where no creature stirs, for once I speak,  
For once aloud to you, who seem to stray  
From distance to my inmost sight,  
And you will hear somewhere, some day—  
Through God, perhaps, who gives what least we  
seek—

In thought's respite,  
Or dream by night,  
The thing I say.

Now listen, dear !  
When thus I meet you face to face,  
If I could fear  
Across your love, which by God's grace  
Is what it is, to feel the thrust  
Of that reproach entirely just  
Which any eyes but yours would flash on me,  
So weak am I, I should deny  
My guilt, of its disease declare me whole.  
Because you take so sturdily  
The bitterness, and will not blame,

HELEN IN THE TWILIGHT ●

Mine is the pain  
Of birth again ;  
You save my soul !

If Christ on cross  
Had said one true upbraiding word,  
His were the loss  
In our despair : High Heaven had heard  
No song that turns repentance into praise :  
We had been damned, thrice-damned above  
What now we know of pains and miseries,  
And He, who sought a world to love,  
Had failed in all His high emprise.  
Oh, I have thought of this for many days,  
And I grow wise,  
And learn from you  
What God must do.

Too bold it were  
Perhaps, even in this solitude,  
And yet I dare—  
I dare to say aloud God wins  
By blaming not our follies and our sins :  
So of a surety He will see to it  
That those, who bear without a thought of blame  
The wrong we do them, win us for their own.  
The working of the law is still the same

## HELEN IN THE TWILIGHT •

For little men, for God upon His throne.  
My soul's rebirth has given me this wit.  
In the reality of things, where all our rude  
Mad values find desuetude  
Mercy has might,  
Mercy has right,  
Mercy alone.

Where none may see,  
While the great moor is growing dark,  
You meet with me,  
And not a living thing may hark  
To this our sudden colloquy.  
In wilderness of things asleep,  
Where myriad flowers shut their eyes, and keep  
Secret the nests of pipit and of lark,  
Or hide with standing bloom the drowsing sheep,  
I find the logic of my faith, and know  
That when I die, I—small or great  
Or weak or strong, as then I may become—  
Shall be a part of your estate,  
As we are part of God's, and find our home,  
Needs must, in love that sets us free.

Now you will go?  
I may forget,  
Yet we have met.

## TELEGRAPH WIRES

**T**HESE are my companions all along the  
highway,  
Pale, gleaming harp-strings, murmur-  
ous or shrill,  
Makers of music in the lonely places,  
Crooning in the valley, piping on the hill.

Who are the minstrels fingering the harp-strings ?  
Wild winds of winter or soft airs at play.  
Rumours and tidings are my fellow-farers ;  
Not a word hear I of all the words they say.

Yet they go travelling, travelling beside me,  
All the world's business, all the world's care,  
Dumb till the wind wakes sweeping the harp-  
strings,  
Trilling as birds trill high up in air.

## TO TOBY OF THE TEMPLE

**Y**OU are so small an elf,  
Only a few days old ;  
And yet you are a soul, a wilful self,  
A reasonable mind, a spirit bold ;  
Ready to tread a pathway on the earth ;  
Discoverer by right of birth.

Little you are, but great ;  
For none may chart  
The path that you may choose ; nor man nor fate  
Can see its windings till you find your part,  
And make new footprints on the eternal scroll  
Earth's revolutions shall unroll.

God speed you ! little one :  
For soon you will explore  
Your world, your hell, your heaven ; for moon and  
sun  
Are new to each new soul, and none before  
Has had the self-same vision : God must be  
To you a fresh discovery.

PEASANTS' SONG, 179-

**D**YKES and hedges and bolts and bars !  
The trees stand close where the free  
winds blew ;  
There's a man-trap set where the footpaths  
met ;  
And the payment waits, but the payment's due.

Dykes and hedges and bolts and bars,  
Where the pike swam and the mallard flew !  
The rich man's park for the common field ;  
And the payment waits, but the payment's due.

Pitt on earth and the Pit below—  
Choose as it like you between the two ;  
For the devil is throned in the heart of each ;  
They shall reckon with God when the payment's  
due.

Chains and gibbets and prison walls !  
Earth for me and the land for you ;  
The life of a man for the life of a sheep ;  
And a tally kept and a payment due.

## AN APRIL BIRTHDAY

**D**ANCE thou, my soul, and leap with high  
delight,  
And sing aloud,  
For Spring has risen from the grave last night  
And lost her shroud ;  
Her snowy shroud has vanished, and behold !  
The earth is pranked with dandelion gold.  
Now hums the bee, now coos the mated dove ;  
Cascades of music fall from larks above ;  
And, higher still, the droning aeroplane  
Chases the flying cloud.

Sing loud, my soul ! each tiny blade of corn,  
With dancing tip,  
Tells of the bounty to which thou wast born,  
With hungry lip.  
Love's milk, then friendly bread, then fruits of  
grace—  
Grist for the mind, thou hadst : keep up the pace ;

AN APRIL BIRTHDAY ♣

Go greedy into all the fields of spring,  
And find fresh food for joy in everything ;  
With honey-bee traverse the smiling morn,  
    From each new blossom sip.

Sing as they sing who greet immortal day  
    With purpose true ;  
Dance as they dance to cast the mould of clay.  
    Their spirits woo  
Thee through the resurrection of the year.  
Now heart and mind awake ; hope flouts at fear ;  
Insects and birds ingeniously prepare  
To serve their race ; all creatures do and dare :  
Our wingèd chariots with the cloudlets play,  
    And curvet in the blue.

## THANKSGIVING

**I** THINK that when Youth quits the stage  
And leaves it clear for Middle Age,  
A brighter scene may be in store  
Than many that have gone before.  
Youth pants for capture and success ;  
The other draws its happiness  
From the imperishable springs  
Of old, familiar, kindly things.  
Gone are the longings and the fears  
That chafed and chilled the bygone years.  
We find that woodland pools are fair  
Though Woman is not mirrored there ;  
And bluer are the summer skies  
Than when they did but ape her eyes.  
The sultry heats, the steaming rains,  
Breed no strange trouble in the veins :  
But, free from passion, free from strife,  
We tread the tableland of life,  
Amused, uneager, well content  
To wait, not fashion, the event,  
And see, at each fresh step, unfurled  
More of the beauty of the world.

## THINKER AND THRUSH

SINGS a thrush on New Year's Day  
Half a stave of secret cheer,  
Inward joy that breaks its way  
Through the silence of the year.

Over distant hills of blue,  
In the dawning's wintry bed,  
Skies repeat the faded hue  
Of our roses that are shed.

Through the mist-wreaths hung on high  
Soft and dull the zenith shows.  
Sing, O Thrush, the open sky,  
Sing the glowing open rose !

Would the earth your joy arrest,  
Bleached sod and furrow sealed ?  
Sing the harvest in her breast,  
Purple fruit and saffron field !

THINKER AND THRUSH

Would the trees your song forbid,  
Boles and branches black and bald ?  
Sing the fire within them hid,  
Leaping fire of emerald !

Little soul with consciousness  
Of the God we hardly know,  
Lapped in the divine caress  
Of the spirit's overflow.

You shall sing, and rear the brood  
'Mid the blossoms of the spring,  
Joy in all life's round of good ;  
I shall neither mate nor sing.

I go hand in hand with hope,  
Fumbling with a golden key ;  
For a golden door I grope  
That will never turn for thee.

I shall pass beyond the door,  
Leave thee jocund with thy mate,  
Carolling for evermore  
Love-songs pure and passionate.

THINKER AND THRUSH ●

You and yours in endless chain,  
While earth hurtles on through space,  
Hymn returning spring again,  
Celebrants of life and race.

I and mine must leave behind  
Bounds of race and self, go free,  
Seek the mating of the mind,  
Nest secure in mystery.

Soar on mounting hopes that ply  
Godward out of earth's duress,  
Dash our wings against the sky,  
Gaining all or nothingness.

## CURRENT THEOLOGY

**I** F I could—purring as a kitten purrs—  
Rub up against the golden gate of  
heaven

With sportive movement of my brindled furs,  
All innocent of sins to be forgiven ;  
If I could play with Peter's scapular  
I think he would undo the golden bar.

If as a wild bird, gleaming in the sun,  
I took my turn upon the brooding nest,  
And fluttered out to meet the hunter's gun  
To save my nurselings : when, with bleeding  
breast,

I stained the covert where I dying lay,  
An angel sure would take my soul away.

If I, the soul of me, had but been born  
A leaping goatling on a mountain rock,  
Butting my milky dam with budding horn,  
Sporting 'mid saxifrage in hairy frock,  
Then—month-old—slain to feed the goatherd's  
child,  
I think God would have snatched my soul and  
smiled.

CURRENT THEOLOGY ●

But I am human, blear-eyed, foolish, old,  
Born in the mess of things they call a town,  
And leaving it no better. I am told  
That when my prayerless body must lie down  
The angels will not care my soul to see.  
I like my blackguard dog, but God does not like  
me.

## A WELSH ESTUARY

S HE is no handmaid to perform  
Man's bidding or increase his store ;  
She yields no refuge from the storm ;  
Uncurbed by dykes, unvexed by quays,  
Her waters run to meet the seas  
That wash the Aberdovey shore.

She rocks no cargoes on her breast,  
Her doors are barred with golden sand ;  
She hath not stooped at our behest  
To the dull taskwork of the mills,  
But holds a mirror to the hills,  
And moves in beauty through the land.

## A BALLAD OF VICTORY

S HE made a whip of sunbeams from her  
tresses ;  
The frightened Cupid checked his hardy  
glee.

She chased him far, in wrath for his excesses,  
Across her fields till by the pathless sea  
She caught Love's curls and whipped him cruelly.

The baby god, his prettily dimpled shoulders  
All red and smarting with unwonted pain,  
Angry and sobbing, slunk among the boulders.  
Night and a pallid moon rose on the main,  
And day set golden with a hint of rain.

She turned again, quick moving through the  
grasses—

My lady, with Love's weapons as a prize.  
(Her smile, I thought, the golden day surpasses  
When sunset flashes in the autumn skies,  
But dusk of twilight harbours in her eyes.)

A BALLAD OF VICTORY

Upon the fold that veiled her bosom's motion  
A drop-like stain was glowing ruby-red.  
"I caught the naughty child beside the ocean ;  
'Tis but a scratch he gave," the lady said.  
Like rush-flower in the wind she tossed her head.

Within her house she hung Love's bow and  
quiver—

A sign of triumph all the neighbours say—  
And, like the murmur of a passing river,  
Sighs of new lovers greet her day by day.  
The lady sits and smiles the years away.

But I, that love as though her hound should love  
her,

Can tell a tale that no one else may know ;  
Although the sea-gulls know it, and the plover  
That, circling, watched the Love-god sob and go  
For ever from her, still suspect her woe ;

Although the field-flowers, laughing with the  
zephyrs,

Nod archly when they hear of Love's defeat ;  
Although the sheep that marvel, and the heifers  
List to the tale the winds and flowers repeat,  
And ponder on the lady's fond conceit.

A BALLAD OF VICTORY ●

And when the autumn winds are up and leading  
The day adown the amber-coloured west,  
I know the wound that Cupid gave is bleeding ;  
I see the vermeil on my lady's vest ;  
I feel the stabs of pain within her breast.

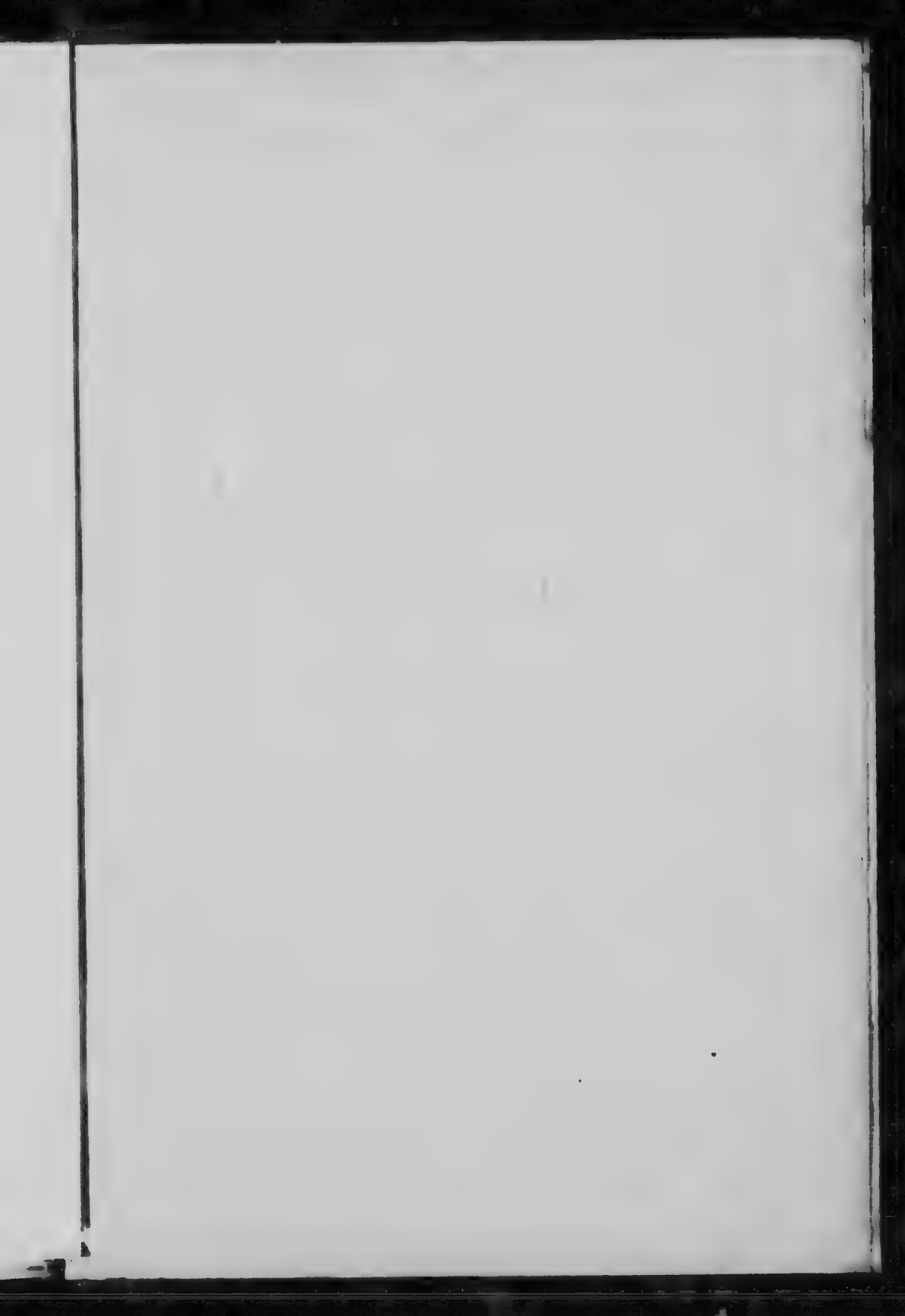
The golden sunsets speaking rain to-morrow  
Point their long shadows to one memory ;  
And when the fields and sea lie in the sorrow  
Of winter's chill, the winds for ever cry,  
" O sobbing Love ! thine, thine was victory."

## THE HIND

**M**Y thought is dumb ! my thought  
is dumb !  
Was ever grief like this !  
For not a fleeting word will come,  
Like brush of angel's kiss,  
To give the pain within my heart  
Wings to depart.

A sword in sheath ! a sword in sheath  
When dastard works his will !—  
Such is the silence of my breath.  
Will pain of silence kill  
Before the hate I may not say  
Is old and grey ?

A hand in glove ! a hand in glove  
When wounded thing is near !—  
So seems my quality of love,  
For all that may appear.  
With my own lips I cannot prove  
That I do love.



To Freesias

or Virtue its own Reward

When you lift up your delicate chalice  
Of ivory sprinkled with gold,  
Do you think of the gay Moorish garden?  
Where you rioted wildly of old?  
Where the full-throated nightingale warbled  
His love-song by day & by night,  
And water by ancient stone channels,  
Flowed in rivulets cooling & bright;  
Where the senses were steeped in a surf  
Of scent from the orange & rose,  
And far off the Sierra Nevada  
Uplifted its curtain of snows;

uplifted its curtain of snows;  
Where red earth more crimson than Devons  
Met sky of a tropical blue,  
Till weary of light and of colour  
The eye sought the sombre clipped yew.

From the gardens of ancient Granada  
Which for centuries past was your home,  
In your delicate beauty enveloped,  
To our bleak Northern shores you have come.  
Perchance you are not unwarded,  
For you risked being passed unobserved;  
Who knows in that riot of richness  
If you got the high praise you deserved!

ASR.  
[x The Generaliffe, above the Alham (see.)]

To Miss

on presenting

the Author

with a bunch

of freesias.

—

the first is a case of simple  
cancer and not a carcinoma. You have

also a case of simple cancer.

the second is a case of simple cancer.

the third is a case of simple cancer.

the fourth is a case of simple cancer.

the fifth is a case of simple cancer.

the sixth is a case of simple cancer.

the seventh is a case of simple cancer.

the eighth is a case of simple cancer.